

# Welcome



October 1909

# Freshmen



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# Dedication

To the  
Freshmen Class of 1913

bidding them welcome to

H. H. S.

we respectfully dedicate this issue  
of

De Sotoyoman



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# The Sotoyoman

## Literary Department

Vol. V

HEALDSBURG CALIFORNIA OCTOBER 1909

No. 1

### Molecular Hypothesis of a Freshie

(By G. G. and F. P. '10.)

**G**ENEVA is sitting in her arm-chair by blazing fire; it is October, 1906. Her grandchildren cluster about her knees, begging for a Hallowe'en story. Joe and Elsie are Freshmen in High School and very interested in "Hallowe'en doin's." "Very, well, children, but you must not be so noisy. Tell the baby to stop playing that bacteriola violinola. Bring your chairs up closer; I can't talk very loud tonight. There goes your friend Charlie past in his old airship. When will his new one be here? By the way, did you hear that they have appropriated \$5,000 for repairs for Orville Wright's monument. It began to crack around the base. They didn't use good stone in it I guess." Elsie interrupts, "Well, hurry granny and tell us a story—we have to study Physiotherapy and our Cuneiform." "Alright, dearie," says grandma, and pushing back her X-ray spectacles she leans back in her chair and tells the following story:

"It was in 1906. I was a Freshman in H. H. S. Dire were the threats made against us by the upper classmen as to what would befall us Hallowe'en.

"At last the eventful evening came and with no little trepidation we set out for the school house to the party. At the door stood two huge spectral forms clothed in ghastly gray garments, trimmed with cobwebs and withered leaves. Silently they directed us into Room 6. In each corner burned a lantern, the lights shaded by bats' wings. In their baleful glare were seated ten wrinkled, old hags, smoking pipes and rocking back and forth crooning a shivery tune. At our arrival their song ceased. The old witch seated nearest the door rose; as she did so her body seemed to increase in size until she loomed high above us. Taking her pipe from her lips she held it between her skinny fingers and spoke thus: "Accursed Novissimi (Freshmen). May you be anathema maranatha! Your puny forms will bend beneath the weight of huge mountains of Algebra; your brains will reel with ceaseless lines of Latin; your eyes will grow dim from

eternal reading of History, and your fingers will be worn to the bone from drawing the geometry figures. At the end of four weary years you will come forth from this dungeon old, infirm, emaciated and weary."

"With this gloomy prediction our hearts sank and we shrank back in awful terror. As she concluded her maledictions with a whirring sound they all vanished, leaving us alone and frightened in that room peopled by fantastic shadows.

"From a dark corner then there came a dwarf, black as night, his eyes green, stitched in with red cotton. In a squeaking voice he called out my name and bade me come forth. Trembling with fear I stepped toward him. He took my hand in his, which was scaly and cold. "The fates have decreed that you be the representative of this congregation, and be made to atone for their sins by a night's imprisonment in the laboratory."

"With anguish in my heart I left my dear companions, who began a loud wailing. I followed my ghostly guide across the hall into Room 7, thence to the door of the Lab. Croaking in a sepulchral voice, "Go and pay the penalty," he thrust me in and closed the door. Looking around me I beheld a most loathsome place, cobwebs fifty centimeters in length hung in the corners. Skeletons of long-dead testubes and retort stands lay about. I heard voices and listened. I heard a 256 tuning fork exclaim, "What in the name of Archimedes can that thing be?" A thermometer raised up by degrees and fixed upon me a glassy stare. More voices joined in and I gathered that my presence was hateful to them and they were plotting to get rid of me. "Cremate her," said the Bunsen burner, blazing up. "No," said the resonance box, "Let's take some of this number 28 wire and bind her up." Thousands of cubic centimeters of air gathered together each crying "Let us crush her, crush her!" The spring balance interrupted in a quiet voice, "Let's weigh her first." The specific gravity bottle said crossly, "You needn't think you can do everything—I'll find her weight by specific gravity. We



want to find her temperature, too." "Oh, you molecule! fill that test tube with  $H_2O$ .

"Then following a long discussion as to the mode of my death; whether to cremate me as first mentioned, or to crush me to death by means of a hydro-static press. They finally decided in favor of burning me.

"To prepare for cremation they had to soak me three hours in an 85 per cent solution of  $H_2O_2$  and sulphuric acid. Then taking me out of this they placed me in a liter measure and sealed it up. Under this they placed ten Bunsen burners and soon I lost consciousness and was consumed by the terrific heat. They then took my ashes

and placed them in a calorimeter, which they sealed up with wax. The lid was forced tightly on by hydraulic pressure. Then, last of all, they labeled the calorimeter "Molecular Hypothesis of a Freshie," and placed it in Mr. Bull's desk."

Rather breathless from her long story grandma leaned back in her chair and gave way to hearty laughter. The children looked at her with amazement written on their faces. "How'd you ever think of it?" they asked.

"Well," she replied, "you see we lived a long way from town and while driving up to the party I fell asleep and dreamed all that."

## Freshman Sensations

**H**ERE I am in High School—Do I know anything or do I not? Oh, horrors! the first thing I have to walk across the study hall in front of all those gaping faces. Horrors! I wobble, my knees shake—"Oh, I love my High School, but oh, you mother's apron strings." Now at last when I am seated, my ears, my eyes, my face burn and if only I could take an airship and sail away. Sophs titter and say, "Oh, you Freshies" (needn't be so smart, they were here last year), Juniors look at us as much as to say "What's this?" and the Seniors, look through their specks at us as if to say "Oh, dear, now for a cradle hunt." Every time one looks at me half-way I crawl into my shell and shiver, but when Prof. comes in and gives a spiel on class spirit and welcomes us, my spirits revive and I hold my head high and teeth tight together so the shattering can't be heard more than two or three blocks away. A bell rings and down we have to march. As we go down the stairs a horrid fellow in big corduroys

and detestable Senior written on his face growls "Get out of my way; don't dare walk in front of me," and nearly dropping from fright we stand back with our mouths so wide open you could see our wisdom teeth if we had 'em. "Carry my books, you baby," yells another, and with spunk that surprises me I refuse. But by the time I'm tossed about like a rubber ball (that's on account of my neck) I meekly pick up huge volumes—all of 'em bigger than my body, excepting my feet. Huddling in bunches we go to class and under the protecting wing of teacher, at least out of the way of the maddening crowd, we wipe the cold perspiration from our pale studious brows and gradually begin to breathe again. Oh, why do they bother we poor little tots? I resolve NEVER to inflict such torture on the next Freshies.

But in a few weeks this fright is lost and the Freshies are eagerly awaiting the next term to molest the incoming victims.





## Welcome

**H**ERE'S to the class of 1913,  
We bid them welcome to our school  
And with them such joys as have been  
ours  
And such rewards for all their toil.

At first the path may be hard to climb;  
We found it so but kept at work,  
And when it is graduation time  
You'll surely be glad if you didn't shirk.

The four years will not seem very long,  
So get to work with book, pencil and  
pen,  
And while through this dear school you  
are going  
You have the best wishes of 1910.

THE SENIORS.





## Michael Flannigan, Freshman

(By Vera Nelligan)

**I**T was the opening day of school. One initiated would know this for from the banisters dangled many legs, adorned with many colored socks and Oxfords with ribbons of varying width. These dangling members belonged to grimly smiling faces above, who represented the upper classmen, alias the Junior and Senior boys. The said boys were waiting—also they were plotting.

"There's the first," finally came the muffled announcement as a little Freshman hove in sight, and came up the center walk.

The Freshman was ordered to halt at the foot of the steps and commanded to tell his name. "Shure and 'tis Michael Patrick O'Reily Flannigan," he announced without a mistake or a pause—and the congregation above drew its breath with a whistle. Next came the inquiry as to where he was going, and the reply "upstairs," the action being suited to the last word, for with a light spring, the Freshman landed half-way up the steps, from there turned a flip and stood at the top, beaming good-naturedly upon them.

This impudent procedure so amazed the boys that they could only stare at first, but finally with a wild rush they made after the youth, whose eyes twinkled mischievously as he retreated in haste up the stairs within and disappeared in the principal's office.

\* \* \*

This was only the opening chapter in a long series of like skirmishes; always the boys were on the watch for a chance to revenge themselves upon the offending Michael—as often, the agile Freshman overturned their well-laid plans and went smilingly on his mischievous way. The lower class boys all grew to like him for his witty sayings and his spirit of good fellowship, but the older boys could not forget the indignity of not having properly chastized him in his first days of Freshmanhood.

\* \* \*

One wintry afternoon the school was startled

by the ringing of the fire gong in the hall below. Immediately all was confusion and wild rushing for the halls. The flames were coming from the basement and the fire seemed to have gained much headway. In some unaccountable way the front door was fastened and could not be undone and the only means of exit was a small back door—the windows were too high from the ground. Soon the hall was filled with a maddened mob of boys, and the teachers were powerless to help them. The flames crept steadily nearer to the one exit out of which the boys were hurrying as fast as possible and already the front door was nearly hid in smoke; they had given up all hopes of opening it.

Then a figure appeared in the midst of the smoke, high up on the door—a small boyish figure—and it seem to be there for a purpose. They watched it breathlessly for a moment and then it dropped to the floor below. At the same time one of the massive front doors slowly opened and the boys made a rush for it and freedom.

Help was outside and soon men went in to look for the lad who had opened the door—the only one who had remembered, in the din, the fastening at the top which held it shut. Crushed behind the door and overcome by the smoke, they carried him out—the limp form of Michael, Patrick, O'Reily Flannigan.

\* \* \*

"Mickey," as the boys affectionately called him, sat propped up with pillows, and smiled upon his fellow students. The younger boys looked at him with only a mingled pride and the shadow of fear in their eyes, but the upper classmen had some thing of shame mingled with their praise. They were thinking of the day "Mickey" came up the center walk so gay and impertinent—so unlike the pale, bandaged lad who smiled up at them now. And they were recounting in their minds the countless snubbings, the many plots which they had aimed at him during the weeks which followed. And they were sorry—yes, indeed, they were sorry!



## The Rime of the Freshman

(By F. P. '10.)

HERE was an ancient Senior,  
He stoppeth a crowd of three;  
He said, "Now sure on heaven or  
earth  
No such sight did I ever see.

"'Tis time to practice basketball,  
Goalers and captain are we,  
So hurry and tell us what you wish  
Or go on and let us be."

He held them with one aged hand,  
The other was full of books;  
His manner was mysterious  
And more so was his looks.

I came to school but yesterday morn  
And all was bright and clear,  
But on my ears there fell a sound  
Melancholy and drear.

I turned to the hall upon my left,  
Into this hall turned I;  
And the blessed saints let me forget  
The sight that met mine eye.

They were huddled all up in a crowd,  
Their tiny hands outstretched;  
"Oh, take us home," they cried aloud  
And ne'er saw I faces more wretched.

I asked what they were doing there,  
I raised my voice on high;  
"What we do here we do not core,  
We only wish to die."

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose  
With misery in their eyes;  
It had been strange even in a dream  
To see those infants rise.

"Who may you be?" I asked of them  
When they had ceased their wail;  
Up spoke one, "We're the Freshmen!"  
Hence do I tell this tale.

One child did have the sweetest voice,  
Soft as honey dew;  
They called him "mama's darling,"  
His years, they said, were two.

There was another blushing youth,  
Who smiles whene'er he speaks;  
Ah! what would not some girls give  
For the dimples in L. B.'s cheeks.

The baby girls are very sweet,  
Their hair is in two braids,  
But I fear to see these infants out  
Without their own nurse-maids.

I asked them why they were afraid,  
They said it was so far  
From their distant homes to come  
And far away from "ma."

What dread fate would meet them here  
They wanted for to know;  
They wanted me to tell them  
So I said soft and low.

"In English, lessons you must learn  
And write some verses, too;  
Some Freshies have much Latin done,  
But there's more for you to do.

"Then algebra, I know you'll find  
More delightful than all,  
For tomorrow fifty problems,  
And be sure you get them all.

"Oh I don't think you'll mind it,  
Your history to read;  
To learn it I think three hours  
Will be about all you need."

As I said this they dropped their arms,  
Their breath was coming fast;  
Then their youthful souls took wing  
And from their bodies passed.

So we have with us in our school  
A troop of spirits blest;  
For them we shall do all we can  
And that our very best.

Now listen to my farewell words,  
List, my Senior friends;  
Take care there be no milk famine  
Or the lives of the Freshies would end.



## A "Good Fellow"

(By K. S. '10.)

**M**AKE good old fellow and let us hear from you soon." "Oh, of course, I'll write when I have time, but I don't suppose I'll have much, as there will be so many things to occupy my time." "Here comes the train fellows, so good-bye—see you later."

As the train steamed into the little station crowds of high school boys and girls hung around their "hero," all claiming a farewell from him as he was leaving for college. The cheers and goodbys were many and loud, as he jumped on the rear platform and was gone. "Well, he'll surely be the candy fellow in college," remarked one fellow to the bunch, "for there was never such a popular boy in Hi before." "Well, I say ditto to that, he was always the leading spirit in everything and was a genuine leader—oh, I say girls, don't look so down and out, he'll come back—anyhow give us a chance." Mid laughter and joshing the crowd moved on, the conversation all being in the merits of Harold McDonald, the absent one. But that particular young gentleman was not worrying himself about them. He had seated himself comfortably in the car and lighted his pipe, building castles in the rings of smoke. For the past few years he had been in the ——— Union High, he had been the first fellow there, nothing being done unless he was at the head. He was class president, track captain, Student body president, and "King of the Queeners." In short he was the lion of the place and had acquired that awful feeling of "Big headiness." Now that he was going to college, he really had the conviction set in his mind that he would occupy the same position in college as he had in Hi and was determined to be what they call a "typical college man" and "good fellow." "I'll simply take an easy course, just enough to get through," he soliloquized, "and leave it to me to run the gauntlet." At home he was accustomed to having a bunch of admirers with him every where he went and really was very much surprised that various ones at the college station when he alighted did not treat him real friendly. Hailing a cab he went up to his boarding-house feeling fine. That he wasn't going to make an impression on all, never entered his mind for a moment and he expected nothing else.

The following morning, dressing with care, and we must say with some loudness, he set out

for the campus with pipe in mouth and an assumed swagger on his walk. He registered in Agriculture—snap course—remarking to another Freshman. "You know I'm only here for the fun of it." Had he seen that individual's glance no doubt his ardor might have been dampened. In a few days he received an invitation from a Frat and with joy accepted it, making himself appear most delighted and friendly with them. Again and again came the "bids" and each time he accepted, feeling that now surely he would be invited to join the club. "Not everyone can join a frat, so I considered my self most fortunate, but, of course, it's all due to my popularity." Such were his thoughts as he was leaving the house one night after a "doings." But what was that? He heard his name mentioned near by and stopped to listen. You know the old saying, "Eave-droppers hear no good of themselves." Well, he got his—this is what he heard: "Say, fellow, that McDonald is a jay—why here we've been 'Rushing' him for two weeks and like a 'Dub' he's accepted all invitations and appeared so anxious to get in that it's all day with him. We don't want him." Cursing his luck, Harold went on feeling that in some way he must get in a frat. Not winning out there he tried to make an impression with the coeds, and finally did meet a very nice college girl. Just when he thought he was progressing splendidly and had the conceit to propose, she sent him this note: "I was very much surprised at your letter and must answer emphatically No. You're not my style; you have no ambition but that to become a 'sport' (as you say) and that's not the kind of a fellow I like." "The duece you say; this isn't like it used to be at home, I wonder what's the matter," the the would-be questioner himself upon being so turned down. He then entered recklessly into college life, going so far as to attempt to run certain things and getting in with higher classmen. But one moonlight night when he with other Freshmen were taken out and given a ducking in the Chem. Pond he lost all the conceit he ever had, sorrowfully saying "I'm only an old scrub like the rest of the Freshies, and I guess I don't know how to be a popular college man."

He arose the next morning a sadder, yet a wiser man, feeling ashamed for his past actions and resolving to change his course and actions, if he ever expected to hold the position or half the position he did in Hi, let alone respect.



# EDITORIAL



## Editorial Staff

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Assistant .....	Geneva Gladden, '10
Business Manager .....	Howard Judy, '11
Assistants .....	Conway Hall, '10
	Alfred Passalacqua, '10
Literary Editor .....	Audry Walters, '10
	Charlie Philips, '11
Assistants .....	Mary Livendusky, '12
	Herbert Mothorn, '13

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Social Notes .....	Audry Walters, '10
Alumni Notes .....	Helen Jones, '10
Senate Notes .....	Gladys Hall, '10
Girls' Athletics .....	Bera Mothorn, '10
Boys' Athletics .....	Everett Lampson, '10
Exchanges .....	Fannie Philips, '10
Joshes .....	Vera Nelligan, '11

## Subscription

One Year .....	75 Cents	Six Months .....	50 Cents
Single Copies .....	10 Cents		

Subscriptions are payable in advance and should be sent to the Business Manager

With the autumn comes the days Freshman. which call us back to school and our studies. Each year with the old students and higher classmen comes a new class—the Freshmen. Although they are usually called “babies” and “freshies,” they are welcomed most heartily by each and every student into the midst of school life, for each pupil means an increase of the enrollment and that usually means more school enthusiasm and possibility for the “coming to the front” of the school. As a token of our best wishes to the class of 1913 this issue of the school paper has been dedicated to them, welcoming the class and wishing them every success in their high school career.

Our Faculty. This term we have four new instructors, assisting Prof. and Mr. Hinchey in the school work. They are Misses Studley, Harmon, Atcheson and Wilkins, all of whom are most competent and pleasing teachers. We are very glad to have them with us and sincerely hope that their stay in Healdsburg will be a pleasant one to them.

The Paper. We had hoped to begin this year financially clear, but unfortunately we have a debt on the paper and a pretty good sized one at that. But by being careful and running the paper judiciously we can soon clear ourselves and then will be able to make many improvements. We wanted to have a better quality of paper, large type and new cuts, but all these additions cost, so we must be content with present conditions and improve later on. 'Tis far better to begin on a small scale and work up than to put out a magnificent paper at first, then come down with a clatter.

It's not the staff's duty alone to raise this debt, but the school, as this is your paper and represents your school, so all work with a will to secure subscriptions, boost your paper and have it soon free to make improvements and raise the standards of Ye Sotoyoman as a school journal.

## As a Remedy.

“I want to get copies of your paper for a week back,” said the visitor to the newspaper office.

“Wouldn't it be better to try a porous plaster?” suggested the facetious clerk.—Philadelphia Record



# H.H.S. H.H.S. BASKET-BALL



## Officers of the H. H. S. Basket Ball Team

Audry Walters, Captain  
Bera Mothorn, Manager

## Basket Ball in H. H. S.

### Cast of Characters.

Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Babberton.

### Place.

On Campus of H. H. S.

### Time.

Fall of 1909.

### ACT I.

Scene I. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones gossiping on campus.

Mrs. Jones—"Well, will this basketball ever cease. Here are those girls scrambling over that ball again. Such a waste of time!"

Mrs. Brown—"Waste of time, well, I guess yes. Look! After all their victories of last year how they ended up—with a defeat and to Santa Rosa, too."

Enter Mrs. Habberton—"What are you people so deeply interested in anyway?"

Mrs. Jones—"We were just discussing frivolous basketball. Don't you, too, think it a waste of time?"

Mrs. Habberton (quickly)—"No, indeed not. I am willing at any time to uphold basketball, especially in Healdsburg High School. The girls here certainly have a record with victory 'stamped upon it,' losing one game the whole of last year."

Mrs. Brown—"Well, but I pity the record they will have this year. Both Una Williams and Gertrude Fields have gone with the class of '09 and who can take their places?"

Mrs. Habberton—"Yes, 'tis true that two of the best of last year's players have gone, but think of the large Freshman class that came in. There's Beulah Jones, Eva Hendrick, Berle Dewey, Bernice Landers, Ruth Ingalls and Vera Meade, that played on the grammar school team

last year. They show from their practice this year that last year's work was not in vain. Then, too, there's Ruth Beane, Pearl Lowrey and Elsie Parrott, who have come from outside schools who are making a good showing."

Mrs. Jones—"Yes, but what can all these girls do when they have had no experience. As I understand it, 'Experience is the best teacher' in basketball as well as in other things."

Mrs. Habberton—"Of course, to a great extent that is true, but what is their coach, Dr. Kinley, for, if not to show and teach them the rules and principles of basketball? Our captain, Audry Walters, too, is exalting every method to bring them to the front."

Mrs. Brown—"Have they picked their team girls for the season yet?"

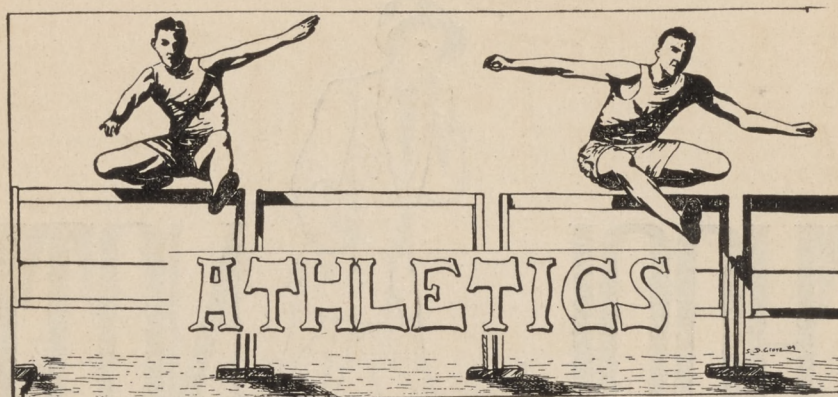
Mrs. Habberton—"No, and I hardly think they expect to yet for some time. Of course, there are several players from last year's team with us again this year; also a good representation from the second team of last year."

Mrs. Jones—"Oh, well you can't make me believe there is any good derived from playing, but from all appearance the girls ought to have a good team."

Mrs. Brown—"Come to think about it in a serious way, I guess basketball is alright if its in its place."

Mrs. Habberton—"I agree with you in thinking that it is alright in its place, but I feel that it has always been carried on in the right spirit in the High School. I also agree with you, Mrs. Jones, in feeling that the girls ought to have a good team this year, but I am going to put it in a little stronger way. I know they will have more victories to add to their list this year. Let us all wish them 'good luck.'"





## Officers of the Athletic Association

Track Captain and Manager, Everett Lampson

Secretary and Treasurer, Conway Hall

The track season of the spring of 1910 closed with H. H. S. the Academic and Interscholastic champions, due mainly to the efforts of Young, Beeson and Coolidge, all '09 men. The team will be without the services of Beeson and Young, but Coolidge is with us again. Besides the men who starred in the big meets we lost both McDonald and Stein, the best sprinters H. H. S. ever had.

This year the team will have the services of Brannum, an A. A. L. point winner, in the high jump and middle distances; Scatena, a promising hurdler and weight man; Eldridge, who made a splendid showing in the meet held here on September 9th, in the high jump and pole vault; Morrison in distances; Lampson in weights and middle distances; C. Hall in sprints; B. Hall in the pole vault; Robie in the 880 and Doron in the weights. Also Swisher as a fine weight man,

point winner in last Stanford meet, will capture the discus; Coolidge, the star weight thrower with a record of 169 ft 6 in in the Stanford meet, is expected to raise his record. And last but not least comes the promising Freshman squad, including Mothorn, Bagley, Byington and Lewis.

The team has begun practicing, working hard to uphold the record of their school. Freshmen! come out and try now; don't wait until you're a Senior to make your mark.

A team composed of Brannum, Scatena, Eldridge, Swisher, Sampson and Hall will represent H. H. S. in the indoor meet October 1st in San Francisco. This being the first meet of the year and so near the beginning of the term the boys are at a disadvantage, but hope to get well up in the final score. Here's hoping.

## N. W. A. A. L.

On September 9th the delegates of the schools north of the bay, met at Healdsburg and formed the N. W. A. A. L. This league is the northern sub-league of the A. A. L., and was formed in order that schools would act together and that

Academic championships would be determined with less conflict.

Ralph Rose, the world's champion, was elected president; Fred Thomas of Ukiah, vice-president, and H. Lutgens of Sonoma, secretary.





# SCHOOL NOTES

## Student Body Officers

Joe Thompson ..... President  
 Cethil Jones ..... Vice-President  
 Everett Lampson ..... Secretary

### Senior Class '10

Everett Lampson ..... President  
 Geneva Gladden ..... Vice-President  
 Helen Jones ..... Secretary and Treasurer

### Junior Class '11.

Leila Yarbrough ..... President  
 Evelyn Goddard ..... Vice-President  
 Laura Day ..... Secretary and Treasurer

### Sophomore Class '12.

Humbert Scatena ..... President  
 Sybil Hassett ..... Vice-President  
 Florence Upson ..... Secretary and Treasurer

### Freshman Class '13.

Beulah Jones ..... President  
 Herbert Mothorn ..... Secretary and Treasurer

### Senate Officers.

Cethil Jones ..... President  
 Gladys Hall ..... Clerk  
 Bera Mothorn ..... Assistant Clerk

## Personal Mention

Genevieve Gladden '11, and Geneva Gladden '10, spent their vacation at Witter Springs.

Laura Day '11, and Effa Grant '11, enjoyed a camping trip to the mouth of the river this vacation.

Leila Yarbrough '11, sojourned in Eureka for several weeks.

Maud Allen '10, Anna Hotchkiss '10, and Clara Allen '11, spent ten days at Bodega Bay.

Elizabeth Galloway '11, spent the greater part of her vacation at Santa Cruz.

Bera Mothorn '10, and Herbert Mothorn '13, took an extended auto tour of Northern California.

Joe Thompson '11, went to the coast on a fishing trip.

The visitors during September to High were

Helen Young, '09, Beth Fox '09, Gertrude Coffman '07, Ethel Ferguson '06, Edwin Graves ex '10, and Jessie Boss '08.

Miss Edith Thomason of Lick school visited at the home of Fannie Philips '10, this summer.

Hiss Angela and Dedphine Rice of San Francisco visited Miss Laxergne Hoadley '10, for a month's vacation this season.

Margarete Salini, formerly of H. H. S. '10, is attending Stockton High.

Miss Myrtle McNally, of Everett, Wash., was a visitor to our school this month.

Dahlia Hopman made a short visit with friends in June. She is a student in the Elmhurst Academy, St. Helena.

Vera Nelligan '11, and Mary Levendusky '12, spent a week's time in Oakland.



# Society==Wedding Bells Chime

Shortly after the close of school and while all were enjoying "vacation time," we were startled by the merry ringing of "wedding bells."

At the Christian church, on the afternoon of July 7th, took place one of Healdsburg's prettiest weddings, when Miss Ethel Chapin was claimed as the bride of Mr. Joseph Herron, both parties residents of Healdsburg. All seemed in perfect fitness. Then to the soft strains of the wedding march, played by Miss Gunn, came the bridal party slowly down the aisle to the altar, where they took their places under a beautiful bell of Shasta daisies and ferns.

The bride, in her white gown and long white veil sweeping the carpet strewn with rose leaves,



presented a charming picture. She was attended by the two pretty little Barnes girls, carrying dainty baskets of rose leaves, and Mrs. Tibbits and Miss Dopkins, who were the fair bridesmaids.

The groom, Mr. Herron, was attended by Mr. J. Miller, of Healdsburg, and the bride was given away by Mr. Tibbits of Oakland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. W. Brewster of the local Christian church. While the holy and serious words were being recited, Miss Kathleen Swisher sang "Oh, Promise Me."

The church had been beautifully decorated by the H. H. S. girls' basketball team in the chosen colors of blue and white.

After the reception that followed the ceremony the couple left on the afternoon train for their honeymoon journey.

The bride was a most popular young lady here, and for two years past has been teacher in the local High School.

The groom is a business man here and highly esteemed by all.

All wish Mr. and Mrs. Herron success and happiness.

Hardly had we taken up our work and greeted our old classmates and teachers, and the new ones that had just come among us, when on the 8th of September we were again listening to the merry chimes of "wedding bells."

This was the first of the autumn weddings and was celebrated at the home of Captain and Mrs. C. L. Kimball Wednesday evening, September 8th, when their daughter, Miss Genevieve Kimball, was wedded to Mr. Joseph Bingaman of Oakland.

It was an out-of-door wedding at eight o'clock with every thing at its height of beauty. The stars shown beautifully overhead. The grounds were illuminated with electric lights in pink globes.

The bride in her bridal gown and long white veil, made a perfect picture of beauty. Attending the bride were the pretty little flower girls, Helen Ferguson and Carol Doane. The maid of honor was Miss Crystal Fox, wressed in white over pink, carrying pink carnations.

The groom was attended by Mr. Haffey of Oakland. Fred Young, Jerah Luce, Edwin Kent and Frank McClish acted as ushers.

The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Driver of Reno.



After the wedding supper the couple automobilized to Santa Rosa.

The bride was one of the High School teachers last year and was loved by all who knew her. She was a graduate of Mills College and a very prominent young lady in all social circles.

The groom is a prominent young man of Oakland, and at attorney there. He is a graduate of U. C.

Ye Sotoyoman wishes Mr. and Mrs. Bingaman happiness through their future life.



# With Our Alumni



Class '09.

In this issue of the Sotoyoman we present a picture of Edward Beeson, our champion hurdler and high jumper. He is now at U. C., where he is taking a course in medicine. As he won laurels for himself and the H. H. S., he continues to do so at college. His worth is also appreciated there and they have elected him captain of the Freshman track team. He was very popular while in H. S. and his many friends wish him the greatest of success.

\* \* \*

Miss Bertha Meyer is now attending the San Francisco Normal.

Mr. Renaldo Jeffry has been attending the University of California for the past few months.

Miss Una Williams is busily occupied with her studies at Oakland Polytechnic.

Miss Beth Fox will pursue her studies at San Jose Normal.

Mr. Fred Young is taking a post-graduate course.

Mr. Homer Coolidge is at present taking the commercial course at H. H. S.

Miss Helen Young is attending the San Jose Normal.

Miss Grace Butler will take up her studies at the San Francisco Normal at the beginning of the second term.

Mr. Frank McClish has registered at U. C.

Miss Nina Luce has accepted a position as bookkeeper for Miller & Wagers.

Mr. Carroll Waterman is at present assisting his father in the store.

Mr. Edwin Kent will enter U. C. at Christmas.

Mr. Melville McDouough, having registered at the University of California, in on a year's leave of absence.

Miss Edith Passalacqua will attend the San Rafael convent.

Mr. Jirah Luce will not leave for college this year.

Mr. Harry Madena is with his aunt, Mrs. Powell, in the country.

Mr. John Fisher is enrolled at the U. C.

Miss Gertrude Field is back as a post-graduate. Mrss Ora Young is attending San Jose Normal.

Mr. David Grove is taking a course in pharmacy at University of California.

## Class '08.

Miss Jessie Boss will return to High School to take up a number of subjects.

Miss Addie Crispin has begun her second year at the San Francisco Normal.

Roy Vitonsek and Floyd Bailey are Sophs at U. C. this term.

Mr. Dallas Wagers, who has a splendid position in San Francisco, was up on a visit for several days recently.

Mr. Harwood Griffith has been a visitor here on several occasions lately. He is contemplating a trip East.

Miss Aubrey Butler has entered upon her second term at U. C.

Lewis Green is attending Oakland Polytechnic.

## Class '07.

Miss Gertrude Coffman has just returned from a pleasant trip to Eureka.

Mr. Rodney McClure was up from San Francisco for a short visit.


Miss Violet Raymond has returned from an extended visit to the home of her sister in British Columbia.

Miss Dorothy Kent is teaching at the Felta School.





# Exchanges



Scene—Mr. Busybody's Office. Time—A Day in September.

"Well, vacation is over now and I am back in my office hard at work. There's lots left to do from last season. I have been trying to write a story but can't seem to get it finished. I just started to clean up my desk when I ran across a copy of the "Shasta Daisy" for last March. That came in too late last season to be written up. The paper is very neat and well arranged. On reading it over the thought came to me, "Why don't they practice what they preach?" At the head of the Exchange column they claim that other papers are too critical—following this is their Exchange column in which every paper except one or two is severely criticized. At the end of the column is a general criticism on all exchanges received. I remark, "Do unto others as you say others should do unto you." A few cuts would add a great deal to the appearance of the paper.

Here is a "Cardinal" for May. As usual it is an interesting and clever paper. The cuts are good and to have more like them would be a good idea. I am pleased at the good words they speak for the "Sotoyoman," and their suggestions are appreciated. The Cardinal needs one or two more stories. The ones they have are good, but the number too limited.

Oh, dear, I am always bothered. There's that phone again. Hello! Oh yes, Eugene News. Yes, we received the May number and it was good indeed. It is one of the best arranged of all our exchanges. But how solemn you folks must be up there. You really should hunt up some jokes. The cuts are neat and suggestive. Well, call again. Goodbye.

I see two expressmen toiling up the steps. My curiosity is aroused. What do you suppose that is which they are carrying? It looks heavy. Come in—put it on the table there. Oh—a copy of the "Totem." Well, I certainly am glad to get this. Now for a good long read. I shall give you my opinion later.

(Next day.) I wish to compliment the students of Juneau High upon their paper. One reading it finds much interesting information about Alaska. The departments are slightly jumbled up, but having so much material, that is excusable. The jokes are good. There must be considerable talent along the poetical line in your

school. The poem, "The Discoverers," is splendid. Again, I say, the "Totem" is a good paper and we hope to hear from our far-off friends again.

Now, I thought I could go on writing my story, but in came the mail man with some more papers and I can't resist the temptation of reading them. The "Wah Hoo" for June is good. The josh column is especially good—it is keen. Other papers would do well to pattern after you in that respect. All the stories are interesting. A vacant page or two between the covers and material would lessen the crowded book.

I am glad to see the "Enterprise" from Keene High School. The stories are very good. There should be some joshes. The way the paper is arranged makes it look all crowded up. I should suggest that the headings of some of the main department be placed at the top of the page and in large letters. The cover design is odd and very effective.

The "Ilex" from Woodland continues to rank among the best of the exchanges. The stories are good—I like to see good stories in a paper. It shows what ability the students possess. The "commencement" number is one to be proud of.

The commencement number of the "Guard and Tackle" from Stockton High, is splendid. The cover is very pretty. The boys are to be complimented upon the fine record they made in athletics last season.

The Loyal Daughters' edition of the "Clarion" is good. Where is your Exchange column? I think it would be a good idea to index your paper.

This is all I have to read for today, so now I shall get to my other story. (Mr. Busybody adjusts his glasses and gets to work.)

## With our Alumni

Continued from Preceding Page

### Class '06.

Mr. Lester McDonough has the management of his father's hotel.

Chas. Widlund is attending the University of Oregon.

Miss Viva Sanborn is teaching the Vine school.

### Class '05.

Miss Antionette Luce has accepted the Lambert school for a second term.





# DOSHES

DON'T FEEL HURT IF YOU ARE HIT

## Rules and Regulations.

### FRESHMEN.

1. Little children should be seen and not heard (excepting in classes.)
2. Always step off the sidewalk to let a Senior pass.
3. Your desks are open to upperclassmen to use as waste baskets.
4. Never speak unless you're spoken to.
5. If a Senior asks you to black his shoes do it cheerfully (or he might black your eye.)
6. Always hold the door open for upperclassmen.
7. Never write notes—you can do that when you're a "grown up."
8. Never take more than one step at a time when coming upstairs.
9. If a Senior asks you to write an excuse for him, write it and be mum.
10. Don't bring milk, "mugs" or cups to school as we have a sufficient quantity of such things here willed us by the '09 class.

Sunday School teacher.—"And the prophet rent his clothes." Johnnie, what does that mean?"

Johnnie—"I s'pose he didn't have the price to buy 'em.—Ex.

Irishman ('phoning)—"Sind me up thray bales of hay an' wan bag of oats."

Feeddealer—"All right; who for?"

Irishman—"For the horse o' course. Now don't get gay."—Ex.

Miss Jones—"Yes, once when I was out alone on a dark night I saw a man, and oh, how I ran."

Little Willie—"And did you catch him, Miss Jones?"

### NOT JUST WHAT HE EXPECTED.

In the glow of the late spring hearth fire they sat, and sat and sat. "You are going to say something soulful," declared her fiance, "I see it in you lovely eyes."

"Yes, I was thinking of asking you something," answered the girl. "Would you mind wearing a rubber band at night to train your ears not to stick out so?"

### Oh! You Freshie.

Several little Freshman on the road to fame(?)

If they fail to reach there who will be to blame?

Knocking, banging, talking

Breaks the "grown up's" rule.

Look out little fellows

You'll be out of school.

Just across the Soph and Junior aisles

Just see the little green men smile.

For the sake of being looked to

They must do as the Seniors say to.

### OVERHEARD.

"I paid six-bits."

"Is that all? Why, I paid seventy-five cents."

"I wish the teachers weren't so little; I think they're the girls half the time, and find myself chattering to them on the stairs and in the hall."



Mr. Bull (to Lizzie S.)—"If I asked you what the size of your shoes was, would you tell me six pounds?"

She'd probably tell him to mind his own business, we think.

#### In Drawing I.

Freshie—"Please, Miss Wilkins, I've lost my skin."

#### In Physics IV.

Mr. Bull—"Miss Mothorn, what is a 'diving bell' used for when put down in the water

B. M.—"To call the fish to dinner, I guess."

#### SEEN ON THE BOARD.

"If two triangles have two angels and the included sides of one are respectably equal, etc."

We would suggest a reformed spelling in this case.

#### WANT AD COLUMN.

WANTED—Someone to rock the cradle for the Freshies.

Someone to recite in Hist. IV. Apply to Mr. Hinchey.

Someone to coach in Phys. IV. class.

WANTED by English teacher—An original Ode to "Duty" from the students.

WANTED, by Dolphy—"Ein gute Frau." (A good wife.)

WANTED—An intelligent, competent nurse girl for "Mama's Darling." (Robert Plasburg, '13.)

WANTED—Two Seniors to accept Fer-Don's offer of a free wedding (on the platform) and free wedding breakfast.

By F. P., '10, and G. G., '10—An inspiration in Geom. III.

By Ora Mayes, '12—About three ounces of fast (ener.)

Duke, '12—"Bring, oh bring me back my hats."

WANTED, for Freshmen girls—An experienced hairdresser (one who has special experience in "two braid" coiffure desired.)

#### APOLOGIES TO HIGH SCHOOL SONG.

Better than riches or worldly wealth  
Is a glance at the Freshmen, jolly,  
Beaming with ignorance, idleness and health,  
And warned by the teachers true.  
Sweeter than hours laughed away  
Are those that we spend with Freshmen.  
So come, let us sing and all give a bing  
Hurrah! for the Freshmen, too.

An old couple lived in the mountains; he was ninety-five and she was ninety. Their son, a man of seventy, died. As they were returning to their cabin, the woman noticed a tear on her husband's cheek and said, consolingly, "Never mind, John, I always said we'd never raise that boy."

#### FLIGHT OF A FRESHMAN INTO POETICAL REALMS

1. "James Anderson walked out thru the door.  
When he got back he was in the same place as before."
2. A man went out with a shovel in his hand.  
When he came back he had it full of sand."

#### B-A-B-Y SPELLS BABY.

Babies here, and babies there  
Babies all around;  
They cried and growled and roared and howled  
For "Mama" to come round.

If the gas in your bedroom goes out take a feather out of the pillow—that's light enough for any room.

Seniors were born for great things,  
Sophs were born for small,  
But it was not recorded—why Freshmen  
were born at all.

I stood upon Fitch Mountain,  
With my hand upon my heart,  
Wondering how far I'd fall  
If I ever got a start.



Mother—"Where are those green apples that were on the shelf in the pantry?"

Son—"They're with the castor oil that was in the medicine chest."

### ONE ON CASEY.

"What is your name?" asked the judge of the prisoner.

"Casey, sir," answered the prisoner.

"Your full name?"

"Yes, your Honor, just the same, full or sober."

Nata dea—meaning goddess-born. Translated by Freshie "Swim, Goddess, swim."

Ashes to ashes,

Dust to dust,

If God won't take us  
The devil must

Ex.

He—"Dontcherknow, I vowed if you refused me again I'd throw myself out the window."

She—"Why do you hesitate?"

He—"Oh, such a beastly bore to open the window, dontcherknow."

Much ado about nothing—a woman's farewell.

Bleaching the hair causes insanity. To prove, look at the number of fellows who go crazy over bleached blondes.

Riley S.—"Queen Elizabeth was the wife of the first Tudor."

### FOUND

A new bird, in the Freshman class—A Fraulein Parrot.

Why is the Senior class like a mortgage? It contains "to wits." (Two Its, K. S. and E. L.)

Aunt Spinsterly—"I hope, Mable, that you uphold the dignity of our sex by declaring that every woman should have a vote."

Mable—"I don't go quite so far, but I do think every woman should have a voter."

Teacher, (to Algebra Class.)—"How is this rule proved?"

Pupil, (think of Latin.)—"By an exception, I suppose."

Mr. Jones—"So you take music lessons, do you Willie? Well then, what is a flat?"

Willie—"Three rooms and a bath, sir."—Ex.

### THEY'D BETTER.

Now that Taft is going there  
They of course  
Must the Presidential Chair  
Reinforce!

Oh! the class of 1913  
Is the bummiest class I've ever seen.  
Some are tall, and some are short,  
Not one among them is a sport,  
Because they are all too green.

Mary had a little lamb  
Potato and a bean  
Out of which she conjured up  
A meal for seventeen  
How she could do it, so she stated,  
Was that the stuff was concentrated.

R. R., '12 (reading "Cotter's Saturday Night")—  
The halesome patriarch, chief of Scotia's food."  
He only looked amazed when the class laughed at this statement of cannibalism.



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There's a big difference between clothes made especially for young men and clothes that are sometimes sold young men.

Our young men's clothes are made by tailors who have specialized on young men's clothes for over twenty years and millions of their suits and overcoats have been sold to the best dressed young men in every state.

We cordially invite you to inspect our

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And observe the distinctive features of clothes that are made the Young Men's Way.

### RHYMES TO THE FRESHIES.

A Freshie girl wore an evening dress;  
It was dainty blue, we must confess;  
It was very beautiful, nevertheless;  
Whose it was you can easily guess.  
The Freshies' drawings are keen,  
The finest ever seen;  
They draw ruler lines with care,  
Keep it dark and call it square.  
Wait till the Freshies get their pins,  
Then the Soph's swiping always begins  
Although the pins will be made of tin,  
They'll have to beg or win in the din.

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FATE.

It's been my observation in  
This world of strife and worry  
You always break your shoestring when  
You're in the biggest hurry.

Ex.

HE PASSED.

Judge—You are a freeholder?  
Talesman—Yes, sir.  
“Married or single?”  
“Married three years last June.”  
“Have you formed or expressed an opinion?”  
“Not for three years, your Honor.”

## **SKEE & HARRISON**

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### A FRESHMAN'S TRIUMPH.

A "mighty" Senior possessed an ugly little dog and persisted in bringing him to school.

One day, spying a Freshman, the purp mistook him for something good to eat and straightway bit him. The Freshie's blood was up and that night he secured an old pop gun (a thing all children have) and shot the poor doggie.

Such impudence! that the Seniors, for a Freshie to dare commit such a crime. They arranged a mock trial and brot the poor freshie there. "Why didn't you hit the dog with the end of your gun instead of shooting him," roared the Senior judge, expecting to see the Freshie drop. But the youngster straightened up and hollered "Why didn't doggie bite me with his tail?"

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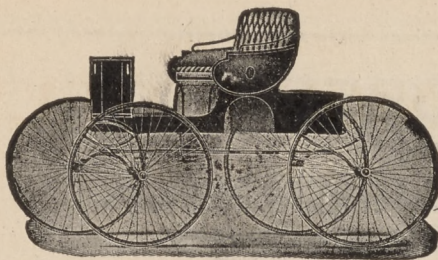
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IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

"May I be excused to go to the dentist's, Mr. Hinchey?"

"I didn't think we took that far."

"Please may I speak?" "Yes, a quarter of a minute."

"Er, hem! I know just what it is but I can't explain it."

"I lost my book last night, so couldn't study."

Mr. Hinchey—"How does your problem read, Leatha?"

Leatha (in disgust)—"The old thing won't read."

A Senior—"Gracious, we're going to have an ex. today."

Freshie (dumfounded)—"An ex, what's that?"

"Your Honor, I don't believe I should be obliged to live with this woman any more," said the little dyspeptic man applying for a divorce. "Her cooking is awful, biscuits like clods and her coffee is mud, why to every cupful there is half a cup of grounds" But the judge's ruling was that half a cupful was insufficient grounds for divorce.—Ex.

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PHONE MAIN 37

HEALDSBURG, CAL.

When we see anything as keen as this we cannot resist copying it for the benefit of those who have not read it:

### **LAMENT OF A SENIOR**

Mr. Bull is my teacher. I shall not pass.

He maketh me to give answers in deep embarrassment; he leadeth me into the trap of mine own ignorance; he calleth out my bluff; he leadeth me in the paths of gravity for mine own sake.

Yea, though I walk with the shades of Archimedes and Newton, I cannot recite their laws and their principles; they crush me.

He prepareth me for a calling down in the presence of mine own classmates; he raineth on my head questions; he showeth me up.

Verily, Physics do haunt me every hour of my life, until I shall dwell in the laboratory no more forever.

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Healdsburg

## Whitney's Roup Remedy

Should be kept on hand at all times and a little should be given to the fowls at least once a week in the feed and drinking water. It is an excellent tonic, as well as one of the best germ destroyers known, and by its use, many of the diseases to which fowls are subject can be warded off. This remedy is not a cure-all, neither is it an experiment. Its merits have been proven in many thousands of cases for over thirty years as a sure, safe and reliable remedy for Roup and hundreds of people in Sonoma county can testify to its good qualities. **Whitney's Roup Remedy** is a scientific preparation compounded from chemical agents which have no equal as safe, sure and certain germ destroyers, and it is impossible for germs to exist in the presence of this remedy. Roup is a germ disease and when you destroy the germ, you cure the disease. The only remedy which will do this effectually is

**WHITNEY'S ROUP REMEDY.**



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